THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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Al communications designed for the paper or on business, to be addressed to

Mrs. MARY B. BIRDSALL.

Editor and Proprietor.

For The Lily.

THE CHOICE.

Ellen Stuyvesant moved aside the curtain of her chamber window, and raised the sash to breathe the fresh air of the mild Summer morning, and after passing her hands gently over her brow as if to soothe the fever that had all night made her restless, she leaned against the casement in an attitude of quiet repose, her mind reverting to the proposal Daniel Burthnight had made to her the evening previous.

Far as her judgment was concerned, she was favorably disposed to listen and accept. Mr. Burthnight had regularly visited her father's hotel for three successive summers. His manners were unexceptionable, and his mind moulded to the requirements of polished society, and, above all, his purse tied up a long patrimony. But to balance all these advantages, there was a deep and troubled feeling upon the other side of the scale when she looked forward to life's destiny with him, and her mother, to whom she would have revealed the tumult, slept away over where the church spire towered into the blue above the woods.

She lifted up a pure wordless prayer to heaven, and as her eye gathered in the cloudless sky, from horizon rim to zenith, it seemed to her that her mother's spirit soothed and guided her mind easily to William Ray, and she was strengthened by the peace which calmed her.

William Ray was a young farmer who lived in a cottage over the hill, and tilled the farm attached to the hotel which belonged to Ellen's father. Ray seemed to desire nothing beyond frugality, industry, and a thorough knowledge of agricultural pursuits.

Ellen was a quiet, gentle girl, not weakened in mind by vanity or flattery, although every season her father's house was crowded with fashionable Bostonians, New Yorkers, Baltimoreans, and still more Southern travelers, and every season she was flattered and wooed. Yet they left Ellen quiet, modest and beautiful as they found her.

Her city friends often urged her to change her bleak and snow-bound winter home for the social allurements of society, but she constantly refused to leave her father to Cherry Spa's winter loneliness.

Perhaps there was a social allurement at home, when she spent the long winter evenings with Mrs. Ray and heard William read history, and regularly at nine o'clock by starlight, and over the crusted snow, be attended home by William in perfect silence, and on her father's porch kindly say,

"Thank you, William; good night."

He would as quietly answer, "Good evening, Miss Stuyvesant."

When a particular volume was finished, and notes taken, Ellen was sure to search her father's library for another. All this was far pleasanter to her than any attractions offered by her city friends.

It was this course of solid reading, and simple, social pleasures which had preserved Ellen's artlessness, increased her knowledge, and made her more attractive than the stale, silly, fashionable girls who frequented Cherry Spa in the warm season.

Sweet undefined reflections upon the past came over her memory as she stood in motionless grace by the window, and, as if it should be the moment to decide her earthly destiny, William Ray drove up in a common farm wagon dressed in a coarse, plain suit, with fresh vegetables for the table, from the farm garden.

He did not see Ellen, but like an intuitive reader of human nature, [illegible] movement of health—his open, manly, intelligent countenance, and a self-[illegible] might change into dignity and a polished exterior.

At that instant Mr. Burthnight stepped into a balcony from a parlor beneath Ellen's room, and with a yawn, rather familiarly called out to the young farmer.

"Good morning, Ray, rather early to be digging in the earth for onions and potatoes."

Ellen drew back frightened at the slight sneering tone in which the speech was uttered, fearing that William would resent it; but he good humoredly replied,

"Yes, Mr. Burthnight, but not too early for those who are refreshed by a sound sleep."

"That is more than I get any night, after being in the billiard room till 12 o'clock, and then a friend or two over a glass of wine till 3 o'clock. But come in, Ray, and take some brandy with me this morning, it will do you good after your hour's hard work."

"Thank you, sir, I never drink."

"Fie, what will it profit you to use so much self-denial, and not enjoy the world as you go along? How do you spend your evenings over the hill?"

"If you will profit by it, I will tell you," answered William.

"I will not promise to profit, but I will promise an interest for curiosity's sake," said Mr. Burthnight.

"After my work is done, I converse with or play the flute to my mother till she retires, then read for two or three hours. Will not that make the future pay the present?"

"The deuce, it may profit you in time, but mighty dull work for the present. What would you give to be over here making love to Miss Ellen and nothing else to do?"

A shade of seriousness, and even of haughty dignity changed instantly the whole demeanor of William Ray which was perceptible to the now doubly anxious Ellen.

"The wealth of the world could not induce me to make love to Miss Ellen as you do. Good morning, Mr. Burthnight," and gathering up the lines he drove rapidly off.

"Pshaw, what does the country boy know about love or pleasure," Ellen heard Mr. Burthnight contemptuously say, as she sank trembling into a chair.

She felt in doubt, partly, as to William's meaning, but relieved that Burthnight was thus exposed. In a moment she recovered her composure and decided upon her answer.

She instantly wrote a note to Mr. Burthnight, and then repaired to their private parlor where he was sure to find her father at this hour.

Their conversation was long and confiding, and indeed with her father kindly kissing her brow, and saying,

"My daughter, this man shall not trouble you any more, but who, my dear, will ever touch that little stone in there," placing his hand playfully at her heart.

"It will be a temperance man, father, to use a proverb as a pure, cold water can wear away a stone," and smilingly took her father's arm, as the breakfast bell rang.

Towards night Ellen drew herself quietly away from a group of young ladies, and proceeded slowly till she reached a half-hidden gate at the foot of the lawn, then tripped lightly along a path which wound around the hill, past the barns and out-houses, to Widow Ray's cottage. On her arm hung a basket in which was a clean cap she had been putting together for the old lady. As she passed the barn-yard gate she stopped for a moment to watch the cattle and horses as they walked and pranced about. With her forehead against the top-board of the gate, and her eyes peering under, she caught the round black expressive eyes of a brindle ox, and was speculating upon his probable characteristics, when some one laid hold of the pin of the gate. The motion aroused her, and turning, she saw William Ray standing there, half-wondering, half-smiling. A deep blush overspread her face, and she could not for once say,

"Good evening, William," as usual.

For once the young farmer was compelled to speak first:

"Miss Stuyvesant, you seem to change the objects of your observation from men and art, to brutes and nature! Do you find comparisons or contrasts?"

"Neither, sir;" I was simply looking to rest myself."

As the rosy tinge left his countenance, William could see that she looked weary—heart-weary, body-weary, and taken by surprise, he spoke hastily,

"Better walk directly in, Ellen, and rest in mother's arm chair," and putting down a large basket, he hastened on before, and placed the chair in front of the door, and without speaking again, put water on a stand near her, while his mother bustled about for fan and hartshorn.

Ellen leaned her head against the plaid linen covered back, and closed her eyes. With the influence of quiet and attention around, she felt just soothed enough to weep, and the tears forced through her closed lids, and dropped silently down her cheeks.

William stood a few minutes by her side, then softly said,

"Ellen, you need rest; I will water the cattle, then take you home.

Ellen sat there, with her spirits perfectly infused into the peace around her, till she felt strong, then bidding Mrs. Ray good night, and telling her to thank William for his kindness against all the solicitations of the kind old woman. She pursued her walk down a rocky foot-path to her fathers saw-mill, and on past that to a small side-cove with a rustic porch in front, where Mr. Kent lived, who tended the mill. His little daughter had been sick, and Ellen wanted to see the child, and give it some light biscuit, and several toys. Not being as strong as she supposed, she sat down and leaned over on the pillows of a rude settee behind the door.

She had talked with the little girl but a short time, when William Ray stepped into the doorway, but as the door swung against the settee, he did not see Ellen, and asked for Miss Mary Kent.

Ellen's heart grew still and her head dropped, while Mrs. Kent, a fat, short woman, walked fast as delight could make her small feet move to a door on the opposite side of the room and disappeared. While she was gone, William spoke kindly to the sick child, and tessed her an apple, and was in the act of tossing another, when Mrs. Kent returned with Mary, her husband's niece. She was a tall, fine looking girl, with eyes and hair black as jet, and a fixed composure of manner. She stood quietly before Mr. Ray, waiting his message.

Ellen said within herself, "how suited to his manliness, but oh she would not love him as I feel that I love him."

William invited Mary to attend a singing school that evening. Mrs. Kent's face beamed all over with pleasure, elicited by the invitation, and answered, "Certainly, she can go," before Mary's composed "Yes, sir," was heard.

William Ray turned and left, but before he had reached the mill, Mrs. Kent called after him in tones of great distress to return. He hastened back, and she met him with a frightened look:

"Miss Ellen is dead or fainted—what shall I do, what shall I do?"

Before she had finished, William had Ellen in his arms, on the porch, and was applying water to her face, that Mary hastily brought to him. She partially revived, then he laid her gently down in Mary's arms, whispering that he had the buggy ready by the barn-yard gate, and would soon drive around.

Ellen hardly breathed for fear they would ask her questions, and to rest, to rest, was all that she asked.

Soon the carriage was heard. William drove as near the door as possible, then half-leading, half carrying Ellen, lifted her to the seat.

It was all done in such a silent, decided manner, that Ellen could not resist if she would. Not a word was spoken as the horse slowly walked up the hill, though every moment he turned and looked her in the face, to ascertain how she bore the ride, and once as she grew a little paler, he drove near the rocky side down which trickled a cool current of water, put his arm around her, and brought her over to bathe her face. Although he never spoke, it was soothing to Ellen to see him manifest the constant interest.

As they drove around the gravel walk to her father's door, the porch was soon crowded, all eager to assist, but on William's arm she placed her hand, and thus encouraged, he bore her through the throng to her room, and laid her on a couch.

Her father felt her pulse as William whispered, "Keep her quiet while I go for the doctor.

Ellen followed him with her eyes, and as he closed the door, drew a long breath. Her father bent over her:

"Ellen, my child, what is the matter? Are you hurt?"

"No, father, I am so tired, that is all; I have no pains, but I am sick," and with a slight smile she turned her gentle eyes up to him and whispered, "More in mind than body."

"Are you unhappy? Is there anything within my power? If so, it shall be done!"

"Yes, father, it is within your power; perhaps you would not be so willing if I told you."

"Try your father, Ellen."

His tone was so affectionate and winning that his daughter drew him towards her, and commenced:

"Father, you know that I have had a host of admirers, flitting and passing away. The only one who ever gained my respect was Mr. Burthnight, and he as soon forfeited it. It is something more I want than social standing and wealth; it is integrity, principle, temperance and virtue. I want a husband who will use the present for the future. There is one, father, that I love for these very qualities, but the doubt that he cares nothing for me has made me weary, weary."

"Who is it, Ellen?"

"William Ray, father," she looked up anxiously, to watch his countenance.

Her father was silent for a moment, then kindly said, as she felt the warm tears on her face,

"You need rest my child; try and sleep."

He left the room. Her physician soon came in and pronounced her in a low nervous fever, left, powders and orders to have the room quiet.

Ellen remained passive, only wondering why her father did not return, till lights were brought in; then, overcome by an opiate, she fell asleep.

Mr. Stuyvesant, after leaving his daughter, sought his own room, and in a state of strong excitement, walked up and down some twenty minutes, wrestling with pride, affection and principle, Finally, the two latter gained the ascendency, and sending for William Ray, sat down more composed. In a very short time the young man stood before him.

"Well, William, for once I have sent for you, and it is not cattle or soil I am going to talk about. My daughter is sick, that you know; and is very sick, may not recover, the doctor says," and turning to look William full in the face, with slow, marked emphasis continued, "how much interest do you feel about her recovery?"

Ray had been growing nervous and pale, and as the old man finished, in a low voice answered,

"More than I can express, sir: but is she so ill?"

"And will be worse, unless—"

"Unless what, sir? You are keeping me in suspense."

"William, to be serious and frank, do you love her?"

"Seriously and frankly, I will answer that question, I have for years."

"Ellen has taken a fancy to you, or your principles, or your reading, something of that sort, and now you may go up to her room, and if you can bring her out of this low sense of weariness, you may have her with my blessing.

When William entered her room, she was sleeping easily as a child; he drew a chair up to the couch, and was glad for a few moments to silence his own tumultuous feelings.

As he looked upon her innocent face, he thought it almost impossible for that fair, dream-like angel before him, rendered merely ethereal in appearance by the dim light in the room, to love him, the strong, rough farmer. But he felt something within him worthy of her purity and trustfulness—an energy of purpose, a talent only waiting for room to develope—an assurance that his long, deep, unspoken love for her, had earned her heart. Before he had finished all his hopes in thought, Ellen became uneasy, and in the awakening sensation she half whispered,

"Oh William Ray."

"What is it, dear Ellen?" William answered as he lifted her hand to his his lips.

She started, and almost screamed when she saw him at her side.

"Be calm, Ellen—your father sent me here, and oh how willingly I came, to tell you that if you will get well, we shall all be one family."

Ellen only answered in tears, till soothed by further conversation, she fell asleep with her hands clasped upon his shoulder.

In a week sho was able to leave her room.—Every thing seemed changed; even the old sign was taken down and a new one, bright with the names of "Stuyvesant & Ray," met her eye, as for the first time she looked out of the window.

The wine recess was tord away, and the wine cellars locked up. The company appeared more cheerful, and the dancing hall was wreathed with roses.

Six young ladies entered to conduct her to the parlor, where waited her father, William Ray, and the clergyman with all the visitors to welcome her.

Her father received her at the door and led her to the young farmer, now nobler looking in all eyes than any other gentleman in the room; the minister walked to where they stood, and soon pronounced them "man and wife."

William seated her by his mother, and turned to receive the honest congratulations of the company.

Never a happier or fairer morning dawned at Cherry Spa.

At President Fillmore's last reception, January 1st, 1853, seven years after the wedding. there entered the east room of the mansion, two persons who attracted instant and universal attention—a dignified, refined gentleman, and on his arm leaned his delicate, graceful wife.

The whisper went round, "William Ray, the new member from ——"

None looked more interested among the spectators than Mr. Burthnight, still a bachelor, seeking pleasure; he muttered to himsels as they passed,

"He really picked up profitable intelligence reading two hours every night, and playing the flute to his mother.

Something comes of being temperate and industrious, a lovely wife, and an honorable.'

☞ We are requested by a good friend to republish the following, written by Mrs. Gage several years since, which we do with pleasure;

Letters from my Kitchen.

NUMBER V.

Oh! was there ever a woman so abused, so insulted, so outraged, as I have been this day.

Mr. Editor, I wish you were here. I wish every man in the State of Ohio was here.—Wouldn't I give them a piece of my mind?—I tell you I have been insulted; my feelings outraged, my delicacy infringed upon, my sense of purity violated, and my taste nauseated. Yes, Mr. Editor, I, your correspondent, even in my own house, have been blackguarded by animals that call themselves men, in all the plenitude of broad cloth and buckram, starch and fine linen.

"But stop, Aunt Fanny," I hear you exclaim, "Compose yourself, be calm, and tell us what's the matter. Be calm is it, you say? Compose myself; I should like to see the lady that would do either under the like provocation. I should have a fit of hysterics this minute if it was not the most dreadful disease in this world, and the hardest to be cured; or I should faint away, as one writer suggests. But who ever heard of a woman's fainting away that was able to do a washing when she gets into trouble, everybody knows that is her time to be strong for action. My only resource is my pen, for I can always write myself into good humor in half an hour.

I am positively vexed, and vexed, too, with the "Lords of creation." There are a great many kinds of vexation and indignation, some trivial and effervescent, that while we frown on one side of the face, we smile on the other, and it all passes away. For instance:

I was a little vexed with my husband because he insisted on wearing a fringed shirt collar to the big party the other night, because it *happened* to be the top one in the drawer. I knew there were people in the world who would say, "His wife had better be mending his shirts than writing letters from the Kitchen," and I know, too, that he had shirts enough that were in good order. This was a petty vexation.

There are indignations that come to the heart with deep wounding—that grieve while they excite. Such was my indignation when I read Daniel Webster's speech on Clay's compromises. I had from my childhood look-

ed up to him as my *model of a man.* I read his speech in reply to Hayne, twenty years ago, and admired it as a master piece of forensic eloquence. I have read, and re-read it since—in the merry spring-time—amid the luxuriance of summer—the sighing breezes of autumn, and by the "ingle-side" in winter. It has cheered and lent radiance to them all—for all these twenty years; and every time I read, its eloquence grew more and more stirring, and its spirit of liberty more holy and pure. I taught it to my boys, and made them stand up and repeat its sentences, hoping that their young minds might drink in a portion of his spirit. Do you wonder that I was wounded when that last speech came? I thought I saw my model, my glorious model fallen and shattered. I was grieved, for I thought Humanity had lost a friend; and I turned to the right and to the left, and asked my heart despairingly, whom can we trust now? I was indignant that one so great, one so strong, one so mighty would bend, and range himself on the side of wrong; and I wept as if a father had fallen! I am a woman, and can't vote, but I can think and feel. A woman's voice cannot cannot stir the great equilibrium of party tactics; permit me, therefore, to say what I think, and if your ideas of the great Daniel do not meet mine, I can't help it.

But there is another kind of indignation still—one that makes us lose our propriety—say naughty words—and sometimes *break things.*

Such is my present mood, though I am getting calmer now; and though I may in a pet speak unwomanly words, I do not like to see them glaring up at me from the paper.

Well, then, there came this morning to the heights of Mt. Airy, a box filled with rose rees in all the luxuriance of leaves, buds and blossoms, from S. S. Jackson, Cincinnati, per steamer Empress, shipped in good order and well conditioned. They were the gift of a generous friend, who would not, for the price of them, have done one thing to mar my happiness. My heart fairly fluttered with joy, for I love flowers and birds, and sunshine better than anything else except my fellow-creatures, and with ardent hands set me at work to release the pots from the deep pine box where they have been stowed for safe transportation. As I cleared away the rubbish of straw and shavings from the green velvet moss that surrounded each stem, my fingers came in contact with a half used up cigar! "Shocking!" I exclaimed, as I cast it from me, down the hill. A little further and I found a big unsightly *quid* of well chewed tobacco, which had doubtless been rolled from side to side in the mouth of some would be—what? on the boat, and then, when all the exhilarating poison was extracted, spewed out among my flowers, *and my hands touched that filthy thing!* There was one beautiful full blown rose, brilliant, splendidly brilliant, in its luxuriance of crimson and purple dies, and its rich velvet petals. In an ecstacy o delight I dropped on my knees beside it, and clasping it softly between my hands as I would the delicious cheek of a baby, I bowed my head to inhale its fragrance, and drink in its beauty; and oh! horrid, I am nauseated when I think of it, my lips, yes, my lips and nose were pressed upon the foul spittle of the tobacco chewer!

Was I not outraged, insulted and abused? Was it not enough to spoil the equilibrium of a less sensitive temper than mine? Well does Horace Greeley say that tobacco makes men blackguards! No one but a blackguard would have spit upon my roses, the most deliciously pure in fragrance of all the family of flowers which God has given to cheer and make brighter our world.

It seems to me the man who would pollute so fair a thing would almost spit in the face of his mother! I knew that men who have this disgusting habit would sully the walls, stain the carpets, spatter the stoves, and smoke the paper. I knew that every tavern, every stage coach, every steamboat and railroad car was rendered disgusting by the filthy practice of smoking and chewing. I knew that gentlemen had private rooms where they retired to partake in a debauchery so disgusting as to exclude them from the company of their wives and daughters, but I did not think they would spit upon my rouses!

Let me ask in all seriousness of these Lords of Creation, who bow down and worship the vile weed, by yielding soul and body to its influence, a few questions.

You young gentleman, who consider yourselves as models of good taste, who brush, and dust, and comb, and perfume, morning, noon and night, and never lose sight of D'Orsay's rules, or Chesterfield's politeness, what would you think if you should see a beautiful girl, dressed in silks or fine lawn. her white hat adorned with exquisite flowers and lace, tripping it along High street with a long nine pressed between her coral lips, while the smoke wreaths daintily toyed with the curls of her hair. Would you not admire her? Would not her breath become delicious? Surely she should be the one above all others you should seek for a wife! Your tastes would be so congenial, your habits so in unison! How happy, how delightful it would be to sit down by the fireside of home,

"And sit and smoke your souls away
In such unqualified bliss!"

"Oh, awful!" I hear you exclaim, "a woman smoke!" And it please you; gentle sirs, why not? What right have *you* to arrogate to yourselves a pleasure or a privilege that *she* may not enjoy? Does it not belong to her sphere? Is smoking and chewing pleasant to the taste ond invigorating to the system? Then she needs it as much as you, and more, for she is the weaker, and has fewer sources of amusement or recreation. If it is so right and proper, so gentlemanly, that almost every man sees fit to enjoy it, is it not cruel that with all other privattons, public opinion, and you, sirs, should say that women shall not chew or smoke? Mark me, I ask for my sex no such privileges. But I do ask of you not to outrage yourselves, and act as you do.

But you reply, we do not smoke in public or on the streets. It is our own private business.

I have traveled in a stage coach with gentlemen, high-minded and honorable gentlemen, grave senators and learned judges. They had no cigars in their mouth, but they had tobacco there, and cigars in their hats and pockets. Their clothes were saturated with the perfumes. and their breath gave forth an odor that contaminated the atmosphere, and I have grown sick, yes I, with my strong nerves and muscular frame, have grown sick unto fainting, and have been lifted by these same honorables with sympathy and expressed kindness, out of the coach and on to the seat with the driver, to take the buffetings of the weather, and run the risk of a broken neck because these same honorables must have special privileges.

Now, had any one forced into my mouth a doses of poison that would have paled my cheek and made me vomit, how long would it have taken these same meh to have discovered and decided that such one was a villain and blackguard, and have pitched him out of the coach, and left him there, if not inflicted a more summary punishment. Not long, I know, for with this one exception their gallantry and kindness to the ladies is proverbial; and were I to go from Maine to Georgia, I should fear no other annoyance as much.—The profane and licentious man can be polite and refined in the presence of polite and refined ladies. The blackguard can assume the air of a gentleman, but the tobacco chewer and smoker must breathe forth his pestilential folly, go where he will. The mark is upon him, and like Cain he must bear it. Does my language offend you, gentleman? I hope not, for I have endeavored to speak the words of truth aad soberness. For thirty years you have been offending me, and I have never complained of you before. Bear with me this once.

Once, it was not long ago, a gentleman came to chat with us one pleasant Sunday afternoon. As he came in he took from his mouth with his thumb and finger, a cigar, and after daintily knocking off the ashes and fire with the tip of his little finger, laid it on the Franklin. We were called to tea, and left our oldest boy, six years of age, to watch the infant in the cradle. In a short time we returned. The babe still slept, but my boy, my bright haired boy, lay stretched upon the floor, pale and apparently lifeless. With a cry of anguish I caught him in my arms, and taking him to the open air, laid him on the grass. We dashed him with cold water, and he moved, opened his eyes languidly, while his whole frame seemed suffering and shaking with agony, and moaned out, "mother, I'll never smoke again." The truth all flashed upon me: he had tried the gentleman's cigar! The blood that had receded, frozen to a mother's heart now rushed back with a mother's indignation to my burning brow. All night long I held my vigil by my suffering child.—But never since, to my knowledge has a child of mine tasted the hateful thing. And if a mother's tears, a mother's earnest teaching can prevail, they never shall become so lost to every feeling of delicacy and kindness, as to breathe an unpleasant odor in a lady's face, or *spit on her roses!*

FRANCES D. GAGE.

One Comes no More.

Three summers ago, as we passed to and from our dwelling, we used to notice two golden haired children at play in the yard or upon the walk.—They were pictures of health and beauty, ever-gushing fountains of childish buoyancy and mirth, and as bright as the sunshine which played around them. Each had a cordial greeting for us as we passed, and each morn and eve we looked for their bounding forms as they turned the corner.—Not long since, in company with a friend, we turned the same corner and a lovely girl came to meet him, and turned up the cheek for the accustomed kiss. "The other little feet do not come to meet me any more!" said he with a quivering lip. There was a shadow deeply lying to his heart. The tripping steps of the sister awoke the echoes of the little brother's steps down where they linger, 'mid the desolations of broken hopes. The other little steps meet him no more! There is a vacant chair by the hearth, and the winter flakes fall coldly upon the little mound among the sleepers. Life has no sunshine which dispels these shadows, which linger through life like a pall over buried treasures.

The little feet are tripping to the music of angels.—[Cayuga Chief.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND., JULY 1, 1856.

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Since we published our last acknowledgments, letters have been received from the following persons, containing subscription money for the Lily.

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☞ A friendly acknowledgment to Louisa Hebberd for a good kind private letter.

☞ The very same to Mrs. A. E. Satterthwaite.

☞ Sallie S. Pennock—Thanks; the money is current.

For The Lily.

FORT WAYNE, JUNE 13.

To the Readers of the Lily.

For several years I have been one of you. I watched with interest the transportation of the Lily from New York to the Buckeye State, and from there to our own Hoosierdom, and notwithstanding its two removals, it is blooming vigorously still.

A short time ago, it was my privilege to spend a few days at Richmond, and become personal acquainted with many whom I had known through the medium of the paper and private correspondence! And truly it makes the heart glad to mingle face to face with those with whom we have held pleasant correspondence for years, and realize in them friends true and devoted. It is especially cause of rejoicing to see so many woman laboring earnestly for the right, the heart can feel its thankfulness, though the pen may not be able to express it.

These faithful ones shall have their reward when the jubilee of freedom shall sound through the land—when the slave shall stand forth in his manhood—when *woman* can raise her unshackled arm, and use her unfettered mind—when the children of the redeemed inebriate shall "rise up and call him blessed"—then will they feel that they have not labored in vain; nor need they wait till then, for every day's discharge of duty brings its reward.

Perhaps it may be as interesting to other readers as it was to me, to learn that the Lily has a good circulation, and the subscribers pay punctually. This speaks well for its editor, and for the paper, as it is emphatically a woman's paper, and paid for principally by laboring women; and if all the readers could have the satisfaction of a personal acquaintance with the editor, and several others whom I could name in Richmond; they would have double interest in the paper and the principles it advocates.

Yours in haste,

M. F. THOMAS.

Misanthropy and Philanthropy.

MISANTHROPY SOLILOQUISING.

Alone! I like that word, 'twas made for me no doubt,
It seems so well adapted to my needs;
The seeds of solitude are in my heart,
And for my good they need a proper culture.
This mingling with the world I do despise,
It looks so like a herd of sheep or deer,
And needs must jeopardise one, I own identity.
Alone—alone—'s the magic word for me,
I ne'er was pleased when *friends*, as they are call'd,
Did gather round my blazing hearth and board,
And venture on a welcome by their smiles,
How I did loathe those social getherings,
Domestic joy the while fled for my home;
For *she* bestowed on them the food and time,
Which were all mine to my neglect and cost;
And *she*, (for wife 's a word I seldom speak,)
Once thought I loved, but that is fancy all;
None have I ever loved but self alone;
Self makes no sacrifice—I had no love to spare,
And there 's my boy—a man by this time grown;
I wonder why they left, *they* did not love,
Else they had borne with all I chose to be,
And make no 'plaint, but in my joy to joy,
Nor shrink at what I in my viscious mood—
Stay, that 's too hard a word to apply t' self—
Nor shrink at what *my sovereign will* should press;
I like that word full well—my *sovereign will.*
Could I bend that to nothing but a wife,
And soften down like wax before the sun;
Or like a burdened Camel, kneel me down
As if a heart load press'd me to the earth;
When she entreating with her tears did come,
And beg of me a share, a little share
Of my great heart; not I, 'twas all my own;
Then like a stricken dove borne down to earth,
She slowly moved away and left my dwelling dark,
Dark did I say—dark, desolate and lone.
Why, what comes o'er me now? how strange I feel;
How weak I grow, I am not like myself—
I'll dash it all away, the memory of that scene,
But makes me quail and creep as if a wind,
From the far North had chill'd my vitals through.
I'll brace against the attack and be myself again;
Such weakness ill befits great men like me.
Each pulse within my heart shall numb and freeze,
And I no more such weakness will betray;
If she cannot in all things yield and bow,
Low down to me, I'll live and die alone,
And am I not a world within myself;
As great men all may be, and yet, I cannot tell,
Tho' wonder why it is, I oft feel discontent.
I fed and clothed her well, tho' that she said,
She for herself could do; perhaps she might,
And even presumed to call her soul her own;
But not, not here could such presumptions reign.
Why not content, I lack no duty done,
I pay my tax and tythe what more 's to do;
But let the world see I can live alone.

ENTER PHIL.—Alone, say you, my friend, you're not alone.

MIS. (ASIDE)—I wish I were.

PHIL.—I've come, my friend, drawn by the love I bear,
To all my kind a friendly word and feeling to impart.
I mourn the cause, what e'er that cause may be,
That keeps you in this desolate, cold abode;
And do bethink me that the course you take,
Tends not to your own happiness.
Come leave this dark, this lone, this cheerless place,
It ill befits one of your power to act;
And take a part in life—there's much to do.
Come, be not like the dead and leafless bough
That yield no fruit, no shade nor perfume to the air;
Nor like a garden spot long grown to weeds,
But which may yet be till'd and yield a store
Of wealth and happiness to those around you;
And to your now closed heart, new riches [illegible]ng;
Within its chambers hid are precious plants,
That will, by culture, flourish as the vine;
Tendrils will spring and grow, and twine around
The branches of our social family tree;
All verdant, budding, blooming beautifully,
By words of love and tears of sympathy.
Come don your hat and let us sally forth,
There's not a room in all our Father's house,
Where not some work each one may find to do;
The rich fields of the earth with harvest crown'd;
The forrest oak He for our use bestows,
There labor finds enough her hands to fill.
The abode where sickness moans and penury bows,
And age and youth, and infancy all claim
A helping hand, a tear, a smile from you,
All, all invite some duty you can do;
Friendship her kindly eye will turn on you,
And sympathy's warm tear her cheeks bedew.
Now come, you must not, must not be alone,
E'en if you will you *cannot* be alone.

MIS.—What mean you pray—who then are alone?
Alone I'll be, so leave me soon; I *will*,
And *will* is mighty when aright applied;
It is the lever which can move a world,
A universe, if men were all like me;
So strong, mysterious, potent is its power.
Once more I say begone, I *will* to be alone.

PHIL.—If go I must, I go in disappointment;
I had a hope—I had a hope—but list, another word:
What tho' you spurn me like a foe away,
You will not be alone; for God a watch has set
Upon the workers in his vineyard here,
And His' the *will* and His' the *power* to do,
The only will by which a world may move,
The only power the universe to sway;
His watch—the bright winged angels, ever near,
Would, by their sweet entreaties, make you know
How vain your efforts to be all alone;
By sweet entreaties bid you come away
From this unfit abode for heaven born man,
And point to where your hands may labor well;
In pleading tones tell of a Brother bless'd—
Who lived on earth as you and I should live,
Who healed the sick and fed the hungry poor,
And *crossed his will* that Father's might be done;
Then died a noble martyr to that Will.
He come to testify God's love to man;
And we, to love, as He the Father loved,
And know him as he knew, must sacrifice the self
For universal good—for love to God and man.

MIS.—Silence—go, and trifle here no more, let me enjoy
The great word of my soul—*alone.*
In it all feeling centres; now be gone.

PHIL.—Then brother fare you well; I weep to leave you thus.
Self love this ruin works, self love is suicidal—its self destroys.
Wake up and come away; I weep to leave you here—
I weep that one of this fair world should seem—
So like a tree in the vast forrest green,
Withered and blighted in its stately pride—
So like a link—a rusted, broken link,
From Humanity's great chain forever torn;
Which God in love and wisdom made to bind
His children in one band of brotherhood.
Again my brother, fare you well—God help.

[EXIT PHIL.

Rights of Property in Pennsylvania.

The following Act relating to the Rights of Property of husband and wife, in the State of Pennsylvania, was passed at the last session of the Legislature:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted, &c.*, That so much of the act relating to the rights of married women, and for other purposes, passed the 11th of April, 1848, as requires the consent of a married woman to be first had and obtained, or the acknowledgment of her deed or mortgages, when conveying her own real estate, to be made differently from that which she is authorized to make when she joins her husband in conveying his real estate to bar her right of dower therein, is hereby repealed, and all deeds or mortgages of any married woman heretofore acknowledged jointly with her husband, so as to bar her right of dower or interest in her husband's lands, shall be effectual and valid to debar her in respect to her own real estate.

SEC. 2. That nothing in said act contained, shall be construed to authorize any married woman to contract any debt or liability, so as to make liable her husband or his estate further than she might have done before the passage of said act.

SEC. 3. That whensoever any husband shall have deserted or separated himself from his wife, or neglected or refused to support her, or she shall have been divorced from his bed and board, it shall be lawful for her to protect her reputation by an action for slander or libel, and she shall also have the right by action to recover her separate earnings or property: Provided, That if her husband be the defendant, the action shall be in the name of a next friend.

SEC. 4. That whenever any married woman of lawful age shall be entitled to a legacy, or to a distribution share of the personal estate, or of the proceeds of the real estate of a deceased person, it shall be competent for her either in person or by attorney, to sign, seal and deliver a refunding bond in pursuance of the act of Assembly in such case made and provided, and also to execute all such other instruments, and to perform all such other acts as may by law be necessary to be done, or may be lawfully required by the executor or administrator upon the payment to her of the moneys to be distributed as aforesaid, with the same effect for thn intent and purpose of binding her separate estate, as if she were sole and unmarried.

Approved April 11th, 1856.

For the Lily.

The Missouri State Teachers' Conv ntion

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL.—The first "State Teachers' Convention" ever called in the State of Missouri has just closed its sessions of two days. The want of interest in schools, and the difficulty of getting teachers well qualified for the work needed to be done, induced some of the teachers of the State to call a convention, preliminary to establishing a State Association, and thereby inducing county Associations or Institutes. Hoping thus to awaken public attention, and bring out a more decided interest in Education throughout the State.

Hon. Horace Mann, so long at the head of the New England Board of Education, was requested to meet with them and to address the people. Rev. W. G. Elliot, and the Rev. Post, of this city, were also called upon for addresses.

Rev. W. G. Elliot gave the opening address on Wednesday evening, May 21st; impressing upon the minds of his audience the importance of educating all the children and hence the necessity of having educators or teachers, and of establishing ways and means for prosecuting successfully the great and holy work. As one of these ways and means, a State Normal School was suggested.

On Thursday morning the Convention assembled and organized at an early hour. Over a hundred delegates were in attendence, and twenty counties were represented. Most of the delegates were teachers, and a majority present ladies, all friends of education,—by handing in their names were made members of the convention. The usual formulas were past through, committees chosen and business laid out for the State, reports brought in and acted upon, speeches made, and all went on harmoniously. "No woman's voice to mar the sweet accord," through the whole of the first day and night. The speakers dwelt largely on the future prospect of scholars, of the positions they were to hold in life, filling high places and situations of dignity, honor and profit.

Mr. Mann, in an incidental speech, when called out by a resolution, set forth in an eloquent and forcible manner what a teacher should be, to go forth into the world—to do good to the masses; they should be fitted not only to give knowledge in science, but to all classes in all things that appertain to the best good of society—they should understand the motives of human action—be familiar with art, trade, commerce, politics, and religion; of agreeable and polished manners and calm tempers. And like a well skilled sculptor or painter, not only able to give the outline, but the minutia of the human form divine, and thus be enabled in their higher and holier work of prompting the human soul to give it forth to the world perfect in all its parts, no line of beauty wanting.

Such was his idea. I do not dare to attempt to give his words. In the evening he spoke an hour and a half on the motives which should govern teachers, and made the hours dwindle into moments as it were, with his high-toned, thrilling thoughts; and hearts well'd up with feeling till tears fell unheeded from eyes unused to weep, and all went away that night and looked up into stars, and felt themselves a little nearer God and heaven; for the purifying unction of his words.—We went the next day and again all went on harmoniously to the passing looker on.

But through all this convention, everything had gone on as if there had been none but men there. True, some times the speakers said: "Ladies and Gentlemen Teachers;" but the addresses were made to "teachers"—the same rules laid down—the same high hopes held out—the same motives of action set forth to govern the conduct—to stimulate to effort; and to inspire with faith in the mighty undertaking; yet no woman was put upon committees, nor mentioned, nor named in any of their transactions of business—all seemed to be for man, though a majority of the teachers of the State were women; nearly two to one, some said three. An under-current of discontent began to be manifested—lady teachers whispered "I like not this," or that—"such plans are unjudicious," "I don't think so," "I could tell them better than that." Yet as they had not been asked to take any part in the proceedings, they could not be induced to speak a loud word. The forenoon of the second day the convention adjourned, and by a vote of the members, resolved itself into an Association; a committee had already been appointed to draft a Constitution and by-laws for an Association, and were on hand with their report. The report was read and a vote passed to receive it, and to take it up and discuss it. The second Section read thus:

"Sec. 2. All Teachers and persons interested in the cause of Education can become members of this Association by paying an initiation fee of two dollars."

"Sec. 3. All gentlemen, by paying ten dollars, may become life members, &c."

I do not quote from the documents, and have not probably put down each word correct, but I give the exact idea.

When this was read, some one said "two dollars initiation fee; ladies excepted."

This caused more feeling, and several of the lady teachers who had been whispering discontent, said to me: "speak for us—now is the time."—Again and again they urged this; but I wished them rather to speak for themselves; finding no one would do so, I arose and inquired the strict meaning of those two clauses of the Constitution, and if the ladies were expected to pay out of their half salaries, the same initiation fee as men, to become members of that Association, and to come into convention with the gentlamen, and sit there two days session, privileged only to hear. If their powers of mind were to have no play; if their experiences were to lay dormant, &c. I referred to Mr. Mann's speech, and asked if all his instructions which were addressed as to one body, were instructions for women as well as men. He rose in his seat and said emphatically, he meant them for both.

I then inquired if an equal plan of duty was marked out for both male and female teacher; if each paid the same initiation fee; if they were expected to stand upon the same platform in the honors and privileges of the Association. A fire-brand had dropped suddenly among them; "a woman had spoke in meeting." Some said the ladies were not expected to pay a fee. I was requested by some ladies near to say they did not wish to come into the association as paupers upon the gentlemens' bounty.

After some talk, a motion was made to receive the resolution accepting the Constitution and by-laws; and the constitution was referred back to a committee for amendment. The Vice President, Dr. H. Hobson, rose on the platform and in much excitement, stated, among other things, that he was opposed to women voting, for voting gave the power of holding office, and a lady might be voted into the chair as President or Secretary, or become Editor of a paper, and he, for one, would consent to no such thing; he would not sit in a committee with a woman; and no woman should stand an equal plane with him. He loved the ladies; he was a young man, only thirty-three; and had lived with three wives already, and expected to be a candidate for matrimony again if he should lose his present. Therefore he would elevate the ladies above him—keep them pure—and a deal more of such trash. The ladies some of them hissed, which I was very sorry for; yet I did not wonder, for between indignation and scorn, they were aroused, and they could not well help it.

After some little more discussion the convention adjourned, to meet in the afternoon.

The Constitution was altered so as to read "All Teachers and persons by paying an initiation fee of two dollars should become members; all persons paying ten, life members, &c." The members of the convention were called upon as their names were read aloud to come up and pay their two dollars.

The names of all the gentlemen were read.—Then the gentleman from the different Congressional districts were requested to seat themselves in company and nominate officers (not a word to the ladies,) men were sent round to take the names of ladies quietly, and many ladies, who did not know what was wanted of their name, politely gave it, supposing they only wished to record their attendance. Not a word was said about the two dollars; that I heard required in the constitution.—The balloting come on, these ladies that had not paid a constitutional fee voted; at this juncture some of the ladies who had not given their names (some of the most respectable and influential Teachers in the house,) requested a gentleman to inquire "if those who had not answered the requirements of the constitution had a right to vote." One gentleman on the platform replied that some forty ladies had sent in their names as members, and it was not expected they would pay their two dollars. Another said that unless the two dollars was paid or to be paid they would not, under the constitution, be voters.

The balloting went on, but the ladies in our part of the house had not the privilege given them again to vote. So a part of the officers they helped vote into their seats and a part they did not. Some ladies said they would withdraw, others that they would pay their bill if allowed the whole privilege of membership. The men around the platform went on with their business taking no more notice of us than if we had been a flock of swallows, tho' we made a majority of the convention. The thinking women of the convention grew more and more indignant, and I was urged again to state the case, which I did, insisting upon knowing our position; whether we, as paying members, were entitled to the full privilege of members.

Quite a buzz of disapprobation circulated among the *manliness* of the convention who were doing up the business for a year to come for us, around the platform with a confusion that rendered any word unintelligible to the ladies who sat a little back. A gentleman rose, and though we could not hear a word he said, we supposed he was arguing our right, at least to know our position, for

he President arose and said: that every lady who paid two dollars become a member of the convention and was entitled to all the privileges, honors and emoluments of a member. Professor Swallen rose and thought there needed to be no difficulty. He loved all the ladies, &c., using in our favor the usual nonsense. Another said this discussion was out of place, the question should not have been sprung upon the convention at all, and insisted they proceed to business; and to business they proceeded, paying no further attention to that element of their Association which will soon far outnumber them and do the main part of the work in educating the youth of Missouri. Thus in the very outset violating their own Constitution, for more than one lady who gave her name, under the impression that no fee was required of her, said she should not pay it, and forty of those ladies, nearly all of them supposing that was the case, had voted for part of the officers, and did not vote for the balance.

How they will reconcile this informality and want of parliamentary usage is to be seen, nor do I care. Out of the confusion, spite, and fulsome flattery, we elicited this one important fact, and gained this one high point, that *if we paid our fee and become members, we were equals in point of privilege with the men who in this convention had had all things to themselves.*

This was glory enough for one day, though they evidently thought that I stood alone in making all that disturbance, and one man boldly declared "that not one woman in a hundred would ever think or care about it. I knew that there was more than half of those ladies who, they could not yet be quite resolute enough to speak for themselves, still in their souls thanked me for the little work that I had done.

When will woman learn her duty to herself.—What right have the lady teachers of Missouri to leave all things in the hands of men; holding back their own deep convictions, their womanly experiences and their earnest hopes in the great work to which they have given their strength. They roll their talents in a napkin or bury them in the ground, but for every particle of wasted power God will call them to account. Man needs but to know that woman is willing to act in departments of duty with him; that she is willing to council, suggest, and labor; and he will willingly welcome her to her place. But, Oh! how long must we wait for woman to learn her own strength and the power she may exert for good. How long will she continue to allow men to treat her as a childish appendage, and to talk to her even in public places, such silliness as would, or ought to nauseate and disgust a gutta percha doll. Woman must respect herself, ere man will respect her.—She must learn, too, to command respect and deference from manhood to stand by his side, and not at his feet; ere she is fit to be the teacher of men and women who are ere long to fill their place in the advance guard of their day and generation. O! it is pitiful to me, to see so much talent, force, energy, kindness, gentle persuasion, reverence, and love, laying dormant in all our councils, while man who fits himself for duty in the wide marts of life—who hardens his nature to suit the place where he puts himself; the bustle and the crowd, the street, the tavern, the bar-room; brings all his baser nature with him, and sits down with his fellows in solemn conclave to make laws and rules to regulate society, giving to woman, wife, and mother, not even the privilege to speak for herself. If there is any thing that stirs my blood with indignation it is to hear men declaring, with a silly smirk upon their faces, as if they were trying to hide the lie that is falling from their tongue, "that they want to place woman above them—that they always yield to a woman—that beauty, smiles and tears subdue them, and all this; while they set acting the tyrant, and hoot every woman with disrespect, that dares ask a place even by their side.

I have written a long letter; but remember this is a "State Teachers Convention," in the great State of Missouri; and showed how public opinion is creeping westward. We had no positive means of gaining the minds of the association, but the indications were that the majority of the gentleman had no other feeling than their entire willingness to allow woman to stand as an equal with man, here at least, and it now remains with herself to take her place or be ruled entirely by those whose government they dislike and dispute in private all the days of the year.

"Keep it before the people," as the politicians say; show up their system of disrespect, and man will grow ashamed of it; and woman rouse herself to become her own agent—to do her own thinking and acting.

Yours,
F. D. GAGE.

St. Louis, May 23.

For The Lily.

Strange and Eventful History of Miss Prudence Affection.

BY G. W. KNAPP.

Not many years since, there lived in the town of Increaring-Light, in the State of Early-Dignity, a beautiful, thoughtful and lovely young lady, by the name of Miss Prudence Affection, with a form as beautiful as a houries, a voice as sweet as a nightingale's, and as soft as evening vespers, a depth and comprehensiveness of mind far surpasing other women, and an easy dignity of manner which plainly revealed the consciousness of her individual and separate existence; it is plain to be seen that she must have been an object of no common interest. Many, and various as many, were the opinions and observations made concerning her. Some, especially of the sterner sex, sincerely admired and were lavish of encomiums upon her noble qualities and accomplishments. Others affected to sneer at her, but it was too plainly evident that they were prompted by spleen, because of their great inferiority, they could not lay claim to or command her attention.

But it was her own sex that were the loudest in their clamors and denunciations. Knowing that she far out-shone and attracted attention from them all, envy impelled them to go all length and adopt all expedients to traduce and villify her. Innumerable petty columnies were circulated; but finding they rolled off as oil off of water, they found that something else must be devised. And as the subject was of vast importance—the whole feminine gender of the place being in imminent danger of total destruction—its magnitude required the adoption of means adequate to overt the impending danger, and accomplish the stupendous result.

Accordingly, there was a secret convention called of all the feminine gender in the place, (of course thir victim excepted,) at the house of a most notorious old lady—Madam Scandal. Long and earnest were their deliberations; various and strange the expedients proposed. Never, in all the councils of Pandemonium, when Lucifer made war on Heaven was the remore spirited speeches made, or more schemes invented. So great was the excitement, that half a dozen speakers were on the floor at once, besides all the other occasionally making remarks from their seats. It was not like Pandemonium—for their was order—but a perfect Bedlam. Divided amongst themselves, the convention had nearly finished its session, and nothing been effected. At length, after garrulity had exhausted itself, the president, Madam Scandal, was enabled to express her opinion, which she did as follows:

"*Fellow Sisters in affliction and distress:* I do not propose to waste words at this late hour of meeting. Thanking you for the honor of being called upon to preside over the deliberations of this body, which has convened at my instigation, I wish to say that I did not propose so important a movement without having conceived an expedient, as I deem it, perfectly adequate to accomplish the desired result; and which I will now lay before you for your consideration. It is simply this: We must all swear to, and circulate the report that she is a hybrid and hermaphrodite.

"Good! good!!" "That's the thing!" and many other such exclamations echoed from all parts of the room, and were continued so long as to completely silence the old lady.

Suffice it to say, that all took an oath on the the President's snuff-box—on which was a cross, and being the nearest approach to a Bible of anything at hand—to "seduously and diligently circulate, and cause to be circulated, the report that they had, ever since the birth of the aforesaid Prudence Affection, been knowning and proving to the fast that she was a born hermaphrodite; and we further pledge our most sacred honor that we will on all proper and practicable occasions, give the aforesaid report currency, and vouch for its correctness with the most solemn asservations, whenever there is a doubt stated as to its veracity."

The depositions of the old ladies who officiated at the birth of Miss Prudence, were taken, to the effect that "they knew from personal ocular demonstration" that she was what they had agreed upon to report her to be. With the conclusion of these and few minor details and arrangements, the convention broke up.

As had been agreed upon at the convention, their depositions were fully dropped in such situations as to be found by some of the leading "fast young men" of the place.

Such a commotion as there was in the town of Increasing-Light for a few weeks, beggars description—the imagination alone can conceive. The report was at first whispered from friend to friend; in a few days, finding it so solemnly vouched for by all the women in the place, it was boldly proclaimed in all the bar-rooms and gambling saloons, and in less than a month, the boys and loafers while she was passing along the sidewalk would remark—"There goes the hermaphrodite."

To these she paid no attention; nor did a sigh or regret escape her when her numerous admirers, one after another, drank in the poison and ceased their attentions. Conscious of her own individuality, she did not pine away die, like a parasite when the stem from which it derives its vitality, is removed.

All constantly expected that she would soon become insane, and put an end to her existence. They fancied she grew pale and emaciated, and had a haggered look. Nor were they altogether mistaken as to her intentions of putting an end to her existence; although they were wholly so in regard to the motive which induced her to contemplate such a proceeding.

* * * * * * *

Along back for a considerable time, she had had had frequent visits from one Sincere Swain—an angel. He had represented to her with such eloquence, and in such glowing colors, the felicity of a certain future state, that she had finally made up her mind to terminate her existence and remove thither with him, where she could continually enjoy the happiness of his society. Accordingly she applied to a person—an executioner duly authorized and qualified by law to do such affairs—and was launched into another state of existence.

* * * * * * *

The announcement of her demise was speedily circulated, and the gossips of the town, totally misapprehending the motive

which influenced her actions, considered they had drove her crazy and gained a complete victory. Great and loud were their rejoicings; and, indeed, Madam Scandal was so completely overcome by the joyful tidings, that she immediately expired.

Another convention was speedily called to solace her numerous daughters, when it was unanimously resolved to erect a splendid monument to her memory, on side of which was to be chiseled in bold reilef a female vanquishing an hermaphrodite; the other was to be inscribe

Sacred
to the
MEMORY OF
MADAM SCANDAL,
The Vanquisher of Hermaphrodites.

CAPTER II.

STRANGE REVELATIONS.

In this enlightened nineteenth century, no one will be startled by announcements and revelations from the spirit land. Although through the medium of rappers, &c., the career and fates of many who have gone before us have been announced, yet it remains for me to make public the startling disclosures which have been revealed to me (no matter how) concerning the eventful history of Miss Prudence Affection in a future state. And I would call attention to the fact that will be sooo developed—that her fate and condition in that state depended upon and turned solely on the preparation which she had made for it in the previous one—that she was rewarded according to her works.

For a considerable length time after her entrance to that state, she enjoyed, in the society of her partner, almost indescribable felicity.

* * * * * *

But angels fall, at least so Milton sung—and who doubts it? Sincere Swain, her angel partner, became subordiated by some of these low and fallen ones, and, in course of time, become sunk as low as any. How changed was the situation of Miss Prudence Swain! The bright sun of prosperity and happiness went down and left Egyptian darkness. And had it not been for the fact that she made provisions against such a calamity in the previous state, she would have been sunk to the very lowest depth of degration.

Not a doubt did she entertain but that Sincere Swain was exactly what his name represented him to be; yet she was well aware that the most exalted angels sometimes fall, and had determined to provide against such a contingency before entering that future state, and her fate linked, as it were, indissolubly with his.

She had enquired out his laws and customs, and found that she would there be considered an inferior being, and subject to the will and caprices of her partner. She had no fears that while he still remained in his pristine purity and love, he could ever use the many prerogatives the laws and customs gave him to her disadvantage; yet she knew that if he *should* happen to fall, she would be so completely in his power and subject to his commands as to make her case most deplorable.

Accordingly, before she consented to enter that state, she made him enter into the following contract—and which he done most willingly—to make herself as secure as possible should things eventually turn out unfavorably:

Know All Men by these Presents, that, Whereas the Laws and Customs of the State of ——, to which we, the undersigned, contemplate removing and retiring into co-partnership, are very partial and fail to secure the just and equal right of the female partners, but give the male partners many and unjust prerogatives, Therefore, I, Sincere Swain, the party of the first part, do hereby renounce all my interest, right, title, or claims, to any such prerogatives, collectively and singly, as per the following specification, to wit:

First, I renounce all the right or claim to command, or by force or otherwise (as the laws allow) to compel Prudence Affection, the party of the second part, to do my will and bidding, contrary to her own free will: and, I further most solemnly covenant and hereby bind myself to leave the party of the second part perfectly free, and at liberty to do what to her seemeth meet and proper, without let or hinderance from me.

Second, I renounce all right and claim to any property, personal or real, which the party of the second part may either now have, or shall hereafter acquire, either by her own labor or otherwise; and I hereby most solemnly covenant myself to never dispose of or appropriate any of the property or earnings of the party of the second part, contrary to her wishes, and without her advice and consent. And it is hereby further provided, that in case of the demise of the party of the first part, the party of the second part is to have and to hold without let or hinderance from the party of the first part, all of one joint property, both personal and real, for her own use and benefit, and subject to her uncontrolled and absolute disposal, on precisely the same manner as the laws now vest it in me, in case of her demise; and I do hereby will, transfer, give, bequeath, and devise to the party of the second part, all the property both personal and real, of which we may be jointly seized and posssessed at the time of my decease, to have and hold for her own benefit, and subject to her absolute and uncontrolled disposal.

Third, Should the party of the second part ever become

"The happy mother of a numerous race,"

I renounce and waive all claim or right to any superiority of power in controlling them; and I do hereby most solemnly covenant, renounce, and waive all right to assume any superiority in disposing of our mutual children; nor will I bind, hire, or direct any of them to any person or act, without her own voluntary advice and consent. And it is further provided, that, should the party of the first part fall, and become addicted to low and grovelling habits and practices, and thereby become disqualified to be their mutual governor and director, the party of the second part is to have the full and unlimited power (and the same as hereby transfered to her by the party of the first part) to control and dispose of them and their earnings to her and their own use and benefit, without let or hinderance from the party of the first part.

To all of which we have set our hands and seals.

esence of
OMNICIENCE. } SINCERE SWAIN, L. S.
PRUDENCE AFFECTION, L. S.

This contract was all that saved poor Prudence—well she deserves the name—from the depth of utter desolation and despondency. Although she carried with her but a small dowry into that state, yet, with what she and her children could earn, she managed to secure to them a comfortable home and the conveniences of life.

Her now demon partner attempted to control her actions and dispose of her property and earnings. But when the demon to whom he had transfered them, and who had inveigled him on to his ruin to accomplish his end, attempted to take possession of them, he was summarily ejected from the premises, and found, too late, that the object for which he had ruined his fellow, was beyond his grasp; that by sagacity and Prudence he had been forestaled, and would not be able to realize his sordid dreams.

The repeated verdicts of the courts, finally convinced him that there was a way in which his hellish machinations might at least partially be defeated, even when *law* left them fully within his grasp.

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Let the truth sink deep into your heart that her fate depended solely on the preparation she had made in her previous state. "Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle among wheat, yet will not his foolishness depart from him;" still "a word to the wise is sufficient"—and "he that is wise is wise for himself."

"'Tis only in our blindness
We gather thorns for flowers."

CHAPTER III.

Milton tells us not that fallen angels are reclaimed—yet such is the fact; a modern revelation, but true. When the demons who had enticed poor Sincere Swain on to his ruin found that the laws and customs of the country had been rendered nugatory, and that there was nothing to be made by a longer hold upon their victim, they expelled him from their midst. Weak, bloated, and diseased, and raving, he unconsciously staggered to that home where he had been so long a stranger. The fearful images his disordered imagination conjured up, made his mind a purgatory punishing him for his sins. But gentle soothing words of love and affection gradually found their way into his soul and drove those torturing images away; poor Swain was himself. Though his head was not overstrong, still he had "a heart in the right place," and in penitential sorrow implored forgiveness for his past neglects, abuses and wanderings. As freely was he forgiven.

Having learned by bitter experience to shun the to path ruin—to touch not, taste not, handle not, the unclean thing"—he avoided his former course as the road of perdition.

Seconded in all his efforts by a loving wife and affectionate children, prosperity and plenty smiled upon him. In competence and quiet, life glided smoothly along for many years. But the the Goddess Hygea never entirely forgave him for his flagrant transgressions of her laws in his fallen state; age stole upon him prematurely, and he laid him down to die.

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In quiet lived the widow and children. No cold hearted guardian stepped between her and them. And, according as she had to spare and they had need, she distributed her store among them. No law-wise administrators made inventories of her property, and counted the number of knives and forks, and spoons, and plates in her cupboard, or the number of sheets on her bed. She lived on, as before, her affection proving a more effectual guardian to her children and their future inheri ance, than all the laws of Christendom. And when she had finished her race, a plain marble slab covered her remains, and as the most fitting epitaph to her memory, was inscribed with her simple name—PRUDENCE AFFECTION.

From the Fort Wayne Jeffersonian

LADIES AMONG THE DOCTORS.

Mr. Editor—If in the human family practice was synonomous with conviction and profession, there would be no need for the frequent repetition of principles which possess the intrinsic evidences of truth; but we have sufficient authority for believing that such is not the case, in the fact that the great principles of Christianity, from the time of their enunciation to the present, have been constantly reiterated, yet even now many who theoretically admit, their truth, are slow to apply them to the practical duties of life.

As in the religious, so in the moral and scientific world, we need "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" and hence the necessity for the publication of the "Reasons" which follow. The thinking class have long seen that there is great need of more extensive diffusion of Physiological knowledge in general, and also that the best interests of humanity—the promotion of morality and virtue, demand—yea, imperiously demand the education of women for practitioners of medicine among their own sex and children.

The query is made by physicians, why the morals of the mass of the profession is so corrupt? If we would reason from the effect back to the cause, we would be constrained to attribute it in a great measure to the indiscriminate employment of male Physicians, in all the occurrences in the chamber of sickness. And the physicians and people are alike suffering the penalty which invariably follows the violation of nature's laws, in the destruction of domestic happiness. For proof of this, we need not travel out of our own city. It is well known that there are men in the profession whose moral characters totally unfit them for the responsible situation they would aim to fill.

To what source are we to look for redress, but to the introduction of competent women as practitioners? This, and this alone, will elevate the standard of professional morality, and save the lives of thousands from untimely graves, who would suffer, rather than outrage the most sacred feelings of woman's nature, by submitting to the unhallowed officiation of male physicians. And the voice of the suffering, appeals in touching accents, to those who mould public sentiment, for a redress of these grievances, and asks, how long shall vice and immorality be nurtured in the profession which possesses the power of dispensing immeasurable blessings to the afflicted?

The office of the physician is a philanthropic one; his highest aim, next to his obligations to his Maker, *should* be to aid in promoting the health and happiness of those over whom he has influence; and the physician who is not willing to aid in the dissemination of medical knowledge among women, must be actuated by motives of selfishness, not in accordance with the light of the present age.

The practice of women physicians is no longer an experiment; female medical graduates are practising in various paces, with creditable success. However unwilling the prejudiced may be to admit it, it is now a fixed fact that women form an honorable part of the medical profession; and in many instances they have secured for themselves the position they now occupy by dint of perseverance and energy, and in the face of calumny and prejudice.

But, Mr. Editor, while I would not trespass on your generosity in lending the columns of the Jeffersonian, to the advocacy of this important subject, I deem it due to the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, to state that they are fully aware of the truth of the 'Reasons' they have published in the accompanying circular, (which you will please transfer to your columns) and under a charter from the legislature of Pennsylvania, have been laboring for several years to educate women as physicians, requiring equal qualifications and bestowing equal collegiate honors with their male students. Prof. J. S. Longshare, Dean of their able Faculty, was one of the first friends of the cause, in this country, and the untiring and self-sacrificing devotion he has manifested from the commencement, justly entitle him to the proud position of pioneer of the movement; and with his more recent co-laborers will be regarded by future generations as the benefactors of the race.

While I would ask for all the reasons an attentive perusal, especially would I call attention to the 2d, 7th, 9th, 12th and 14th, and as an earnest that the necessity that exists for medical women among missionaries is becoming to be realized, I would state that several ladies have already been educated as Physicians, by the Board of Missions in Philadelphia. M. F. THOMAS.

REASONS

Published and circulated by the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia.

Why more attention should be given to the more general diffusion of Physiological and Hygienic knowledge among the present and prospective mothers of our country. And why ladies should be educated for the practice of medicine among their own sex and children:

1. Because to the mother is consigned the physical as well as the moral training of infancy, childhood and youth, hence she becomes the natural guardian of the health of the whole household.

2. Because the education of woman is not generally conducted with regard to her natural position, as wife and mother.

3. Because to a want of correct information in reference to the laws of life and health, may much the greater port of infantile suffering and early mortality be attributed.

4 Because the mother, when properly instructed, may early detect the approach of serious or perhaps fatal diseases, and by a judicious interference avert, or so modify the attack as to render it harmless, and shorten its duration.

5. Because by the observance of the laws of health, of which mothers, unfortunately, seldom have an expansive and philosophical comprehension, a corresponding degree of health and physical development would be attained by their offspring.

6. Because nowhere do the beauty and excellence of the female character stand out more prominently than in the sick room.

7. Because to these philanthropic christian ladies, whose sense of duty calls them to labor in the cause of Foreign Missions, a medical education will be of inestimable value. As healers of the sick, they can be admitted to the harems of the East, which are inaccessible to the Christian *man*—and while they administer to the physical necessities of the sick, a most fitting opportunity will be afforded for administering the consolation of our holy religion; and through their own women can the light of Gospel truths be made to shine upon the benighted minds of the other sex. A missionary woman thus qualified, combines two essential elements of usefulness and success—she goes forth both a moral and religious instructor, and a scientific physician.

8. Because from her quickness of perception, activity of mind, readiness to receive instructions, and the facility with which she applies what she learns to the practical purposes of life—woman is pre-eminently qualified to study the healing art to advantage and effect.

9 Because from the very intuition of her sex, her natural kindness and sympathy, her peculiar adaptation to the necessities of the sick, her patience, perseverance, and endurance in scenes of affliction, she is admirably suited to the practice of medicine, particularly in its more delicate departments:

10. Because she has already demonstrated, by her eminent success in practicing the healing art, in these departments, her peculiar fitness for this highly important vocation.

11. Because it opens an appropriate avenue for employment, both honorable and profitable for woman.

12. Because thoroughly educated female physicians can relieve and remove the sufferings of a vast and increasing number of the most delicate and refined of their own sex many of whom, from an instinctive sense of propriety, too often endure their tortures, even unto death, rather than submit to the necessary treatment by the male physician.

13. Because this condition of things is now discovered to be an evil of extensive and ruinous magnitude among the sex, demanding an immediate and effectual remedy.

14. Because this innate delicacy of the sex, which revolts at the approach of the male physician, demands female practitioners, and in many sections of our country this demand bestows a liberal and profitable patronage upon those who are not qualified by education for the responsible position they occupy, this being the case, the cause of humanity would be better served, and that high regard for virtue which would prefer death to exposure, better rewarded by furnishing a supply of thoroughly qualified female physicians.

15. Because the constantly increasing demand for female physicians throughout our country, vastly exceeds the supply.

15. Because there are scattered everywhere throughout our country, those who fully appreciate the foregoing reasons, and who are constantly applying for gratuitous admission into the Female Department of the Penn Medical University of Philadelphia, who have not the means to defray the expenses of a thorough collegiate course of study.

J. S. LONGSHARE, Dean.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Disturbance Deranges the Mind.—The brain is well known to be the center of bodily sensations—the seat of the will—the residence of the intellectual and moral attributes of man—a point at which the spiritual and material worlds blend and unite. The soft pulpy sheet, so curiously folded away in the cavity of the skull, and which is kept constantly flooded with bright arterial blood, is the material structure that God has prepared as the organ of thought.

How mind and matter are joined—how the immortal spirit, during the life-period of its being, dwells, and can only dwell, in the ever-changing cerebral fabric, is an inscrutable mystery. Nevertheless, such is the fact. We know nothing of mind except as bound up with matter in the brain, and in this alliance there arises an intimate dependence of the former upon the latter—of the mind upon its material organ. Bodily conditions exert a powerful influence over mental feelings, conceptions and states, independent of the will. In fainting, there is a transient suspension of the circulation, and hence a temporary flow of blood through the brain, and the mind disappears in unconsciousness.

Sir Astley Cooper checked the vital current in the arteries that led to the brain of a dog, when the animal fell senseless; as the circulation was restored it revived. Bichat showed that the influence of the scarlet or arterial blood is necessary to the due performance of the cerebral functions. If dark colored or venous blood be substituted for it, and transmitted to the brain by the arteries, the animal falls into a state of total insensibility. If when a portion of the skull is removed, slight pressure be made upon the brain, mental paralysis instantly follows, and continues until the pressure is removed.

A case is recorded where consciousness, which had been extinguished for six months, was restored by removing a small portion of the skull which pressed upon the brain.

In fever the blood acquires a diseased condition and so disorders the brain as to replace the normal course of thought by the ravings and phantasms of delirum. Unusual rapidity of the flow of blood through the brain, or undue pressure within it, as in "determination of blood" or "congestion," disturbs the mind's action. Nitrous oxyd gas respired, so affects the brain as to arouse the mind into preternatural violence of action; while the respiration of carbonic acid gas, even in the small proportion often found in unventilated apartments, depresses and stupefies the mind in spite of the utmost effort of volition. The opinion is now generally entertained by the most eminent physiologists that deraugement of mind involves disorder of its material instrument.

Dr. Beck, in his medical jurisprudence, says: the causes of insanity are usually divided into physical and moral, or bodily and mental; but a separation of this kind is not conducive to just views of the disease. Insanity is essentially a bodily disease, and the moral causes operate in producing it as they do in producing other complaints."